



February 12, 1809

April 15, 1865

Lincoln Day

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of
Abraham Lincoln

Town Hall, Easthampton, February 12, 1909

At 8 o'clock

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



BORN in a log cabin, 'mid hardship and poverty, in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, one hundred years ago today. His mother, Nancy Hanks, died when he was nine years old, and his father, Thomas Lincoln, soon married again. The step-mother deeply loved the serious-minded boy, and ever after he spoke of her as the "saint" and "angel" of his life. He saw but little schooling, but what he read he remembered, and what he believed wrong he never hesitated to denounce. He split rails, worked in a store, worked on a ferry boat, drove an eight-ox team, surveyed, fought Indians, and then studied law. He went into the great political strife between north and south with all his heart, and soon became known as a keen, fearless, merciless but fair debater. Little by little, 'mid the tremendous uproar he became known as an invincible leader. He was made president March 4, 1861, and in April the Civil War opened. All through that awful conflict he guided the nation with a firm hand. Tremendous difficulties were on every hand, traitors were all about him, his friends grew discouraged, battles were lost and leaders deserted. He felt the agony and grief of south as well as north, and while he ruled like a king, he comforted and encouraged like a brother and father.

Monday, September 22, 1862, he issued the proclamation declaring all slaves free. He was again elected president. The war came to a close in April, 1865, and Lincoln was hailed as the savior of his country. He looked eagerly forward to the task of helping the land to recover from the great strife, but on April 14, 1865, he was shot by a half-mad actor, Wilkes Booth. It has been said of Lincoln :

"A soul of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod,
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God."

Program



CHAIRMAN, COMMANDER LUCIUS E. PARSONS.

CO. K., 52d MASS. VOLUNTEERS.

COMMANDER OF GEN. GEO. C. STRONG POST, G. A. R.

MUSIC—American Hymn, *Kellar*

By the Chorus—CHARLES H. JOHNSON, LEADER.

Pianists—FRED L. CLARK, LEONARD S. HUMPHRISS.



American Hymn

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers, as well as the ruled, 'one and all,'
Girt Thou with virtue the armor of might!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Rulers as well as the ruled, 'one and all,'
Girt Thou with virtue the armor of might.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,
Willing to die in humanity's cause,
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
While we contend for our Union and laws.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

INVOCATION, - - REV. DR. JOSEPH H. SAWYER

SONG—"Tenting Tonight," - G. A. R. QUARTET

By comrades of Gen. Geo. C. Strong Post, G. A. R.

LUCIUS E. PARSONS, Co. K., 52d Mass. Vols.

WILLIAM G. TAYLOR, Co. K., 52d Mass. Vols.

CHARLES N. LOUD, Co. K., 52d Mass. Vols.

OSCAR WARD, Co. D., 142d N. Y. Vols.



Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln.

LINCOLN ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN,

CAPT. JOSHUA A. LOOMIS,

Co. C., 10th Mass. Volunteers.

Capt. Co. H., 37th Mass. Volunteers.

LINCOLN IN THE FIRST CAMPAIGN FOR THE PRESIDENCY,

ALONZO S. KING,

U. S. Navy, Steamship Hendrick Hudson and Barque Ethan Allen.

A RAILROAD RIDE WITH LINCOLN,

J. H. FOULDS.



POEM—"How Massa Linkum Came," . *Hawkes*

Read by CLARENCE HAWKES of Hadley, writer of the poem.



LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS,

REV. C. L. ADAMS.

SPEECH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG,
PENN., NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God—shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



POEM—"O Captain! My Captain!" *Whitman*

REV. CHARLES H. HAMLIN



O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for your flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! (Continued).

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult O shores, and ring O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Whitman.



SONG—"Battle Hymn of the Republic." . Mrs. Howe

Audience will sing the chorus.



Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—

Glory ! glory hallelujah !
Glory ! glory hallelujah !
Glory ! glory hallelujah !
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant my feet !
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS—



ADDRESS—"Abraham Lincoln,"

By CHARLES W. BOSWORTH, ESQ., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SONG—"America," - - Chorus and Audience



America

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name, I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—S. F. Smith, 1832



BENEDICTION,

REV. FRANZ WILLER





*"With malice towards none,
With charity for all."*

—Lincoln.

